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JAN 14 1918

"My Country 'Tis of Thee"

Being Three Patriotic Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. James E. Cassidy, V. G.
Fall River, Mass.

"In God We Trust."

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What Fight Ye For?

Delivered to the

12th Co., Mass. Coast Artillery, N. G.

— AT —

St. Mary's Cathedral, Fall River, Mass.

JULY 27th, 1917.

On the Eve of the Company's Departure
for Fort Banks, Mass.

Printed and distributed for the physical, intellectual and spiritual benefit of our sailors, soldiers and citizens.

"If you go forth to war out of your land against the enemies that fight against you, you shall sound aloud with the trumpets, and there shall be a remembrance of you before the Lord, your God, that you may be delivered out of the hands of your enemies." Numbers x, 9.

The words of our Lord spoken to Moses as an everlasting ordinance apply with fullest effect to you, members of the 12th company, gathered here on the eve of your going "forth to war out of your land against the enemies that fight against you."

In the dispensation of divine Providence, the darkest days of human history have fallen upon the civilized world. Wars and rumors of war; nation rising against nation, kingdom against kingdom and the end is not yet. Pride and arrogance and insolence and lust of power and domination long hidden in the heart of nations have slipped the leash of timely waiting and with arms and armament and ammunition, with sword and scimitar and sabre, with deadly fume and poison gas, upon the earth and under the water and in the air, white and black and yellow and red, Christian and pagan and Moslem vie with one another for mastery, in bloody death strife.

For well nigh three long years, across the wide expanse of ocean, with fearful, fearing souls we watched this consuming conflagration and prayed that its fires might die away ere the whole world become a holocaust. Injury and insult, yea, infamy we suffered, our peaceful souls revolting from this sight of humanity slaughtering itself, hoping and trusting and praying that means compatible with honor might be found to avoid our adding our portion to the seas of human blood that were alike crimsoning a continent and bleeding white a world of peoples.

Our rights were transgressed, our commerce interrupted, our properties destroyed, our safety jeopardized, our citizens slain,—and yet we kept the peace. We objected, we remonstrated, we protested, we threatened, but to no purpose.

Forced Into War.

Our patience and long-suffering were misinterpreted. Our horror of war and our love of peace were thought to be born of a lack of courage to fight. War was being made continually upon us. Blow after blow was struck against our sovereign rights until the hour arrived, when, all other means exhausted, we must either defend ourselves by force, or forever forfeit our right to take our place among the nations of the earth. Even then some, whose motives I shall not judge, counselled submission and continued toleration of wrong. Thank God their counsels did not prevail. Dark though be the hour and sad though be our hearts as we face the bloody future how infinitely darker would be the days and how filled with shame and ignominy the future if we had been led by those who would have had peace at any price? The words of our Lord in the Gospel: "What shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi, 26), I cannot refrain from applying to our nation's situation last April. For if our President and our Congress had not then acted as they did, we should have been a soulless nation and shame and reproach and everlasting infamy would have been the profit of our peace. But the nation did not sell its soul for peace. We loved not

war but we loved dishonor less, and when compelled to choose we unhesitatingly, though regretfully, chose war. And in the chosen words of Holy Writ: "You go forth to war out of your land against the enemies that fight against you."

Clad in your nation's uniform, before the altar of the Eucharistic Christ, answering the trumpet's sound, on the eve of going forth to war, you kneel for God and country.

"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!" And you are here, members of the 12th Company, Mass. Coast Artillery, to lay upon the altar of your God all that you have, even to life itself, for your country's love and honor.

A Fight for Freedom.

When men ask you: "What fight ye for?" tell them, in tones that shall wake up the dead of '76: "I fight for liberty, for freedom's sake, for righteousness, for all my country's flag has ever represented. I fight for peace, that justice may prevail, that frightfulness and inhumanity may not possess the earth. Out of the mart and mill and meadow I have come, no warrior by profession but peace-loving and peace-keeping citizen, roused by my country's call, to serve her with my all; to struggle, to suffer, to die if need be that her cause may live, that might shall not prevail, that right shall not forever perish from the earth." And if anyone shall dare to ask you why you sacrifice for country's sake tell them in voice that shall admit no question: "I give to her, my country, because she hath given all to me. After God she has given me life; after God she has protected me; her children that have come and gone before me have withstood the summer's heat and the winter's cold, have struggled and suffered and bled and died that I might be a freeman. My forefathers she received with open arms; tenderly she nursed them; liberty, justice and equality she gave them; the shield of her protection she set up before them; with her life's blood did she guard them; the right to worship God untrammeled and unrestrained she ensured to them; she gave them place, distinction, honor, all, reserving nothing, and now, when she's in need and calls to me, with all I have quickly answer, 'Here, sir.'" That's a soldier's answer to a slacker's "Why?"

Popularity No Measure of Righteousness.

And here, if you will allow me time, I would give answer to those who would seemingly discredit your sacrifice by telling you that this is an unpopular war.

What war was ever popular in the sense that they would have it? Was the war for independence popular? Was the war for the preservation of the Union popular? Was the Spanish war popular? Popularity is no measure of righteousness. Fighting with and killing each other is popular only with savages, and brave men do not anticipate with joy the slaughtering of their brethren. Someone has truly said that war is hell and hell is hardly popular with anyone. We abhor war but we thank God that we have not yet arrived at that decadent and degenerate condition wherein we would suffer anything rather than fight. God forbid that we should ever consider peace more honorable or more desirable than righteousness! God forbid that we should purchase peace with dishonor. God make us ever abhor war but God keep us from ever becoming too cowardly to fight.

Time for Individual Judgment Passed.

Again some would lessen your merits by maintaining that we should have never gone into this war. To these I have already given answer but to those now I say in shorter words, "The time for discussion as to the propriety of our entering the war has passed. This is a representative government. We delegate others to represent us. We elect a President to lead us. Our President and our Congress, with much wider knowledge of events, and with as great abhorrence of war as we have, have decided that a state of war exists. Who are we that we should pit our individual judgment against the decision of those whom we have legally and voluntarily constituted our representatives? Democracy demands delegation of power and should we refuse to abide by the decision of those whom we have delegated to speak for us what confusion would come upon us! If Russia today is wrecked in ruins it is because this very exercise of individual judgment has made chaos of organized government and if we were to pay attention to every individual judgment we, too, would shortly become another Russia. Therefore I say the time for individual judgment has passed. Whatsoever previous opinions we may have entertained they should now be laid aside and we should all follow the flag in unquestioned and in unquestioning loyalty. You see I dare to speak of matters rarely publicly discussed nor have I yet said all.

Our War, Not England's.

There is something else which should be said and I trust I am not amiss when I say it. There are too many of varied ancestry, too many of ancestry, if you will, like to mine, Irish-Americans, whose judgment is blinded by their hatred toward England. Let them beware lest their animosity toward England be interpreted as disloyalty to the United States.

Out of the loins of a Fenian, arrested in arms against the English, I came. I was nursed at the breast of as true an Irishwoman as ever came out of Ireland. Indelibly written in my soul is the story of England's rule of blood and iron in Ireland. But what has that to do with the honor of my own country? Incidentally and accidentally we may be fighting for England just as England now is fighting for us, but essentially and fundamentally we are not fighting for England, we are fighting for ourselves. Had Germany by its own overt acts, repeated again and again, not made it impossible for us to keep peace with honor, had she respected our rights, had she not murdered our citizens, she might have beaten England to her knees and we would not have interfered. We did not go to war to save England,—we went to war to save ourselves, to save our sovereign rights, to save all and everything that a nation in honor prizes. You men of all births, for there are men of many bloods and births bearing a grievance against England, in your blind desire for retribution, you forget that in this war all must stand or fall together. If England stands we stand; if England falls we fall; victory and honor or defeat and dishonor shall come upon all alike. And God forbid that there should be any so base and low and blinded as to strike at the heart of England through the soul of their own country! God forbid that there should be any who would rejoice at the losses of any of the Allies when they know that such losses mean only greater losses and multiplied deaths among you soldier sons. Let this insanity pass forever from these states.

Faithful to Christ and Country.

But let these matters not disturb your spirit or swerve you from your lofty purpose. You have buckled on the armor of righteousness, you have raised aloft the banner of the Stars and Stripes, you have vowed to do and die for the liberty, the justice, the freedom for which we have ever stood, and I know that you will all be faithful unto death. I know that you will render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but will you render to God the things that are God's? That is the question that is in my heart tonight.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And many there are today who are going out to save their country and to lose their own souls! Many there are who will be true indeed to their country but will be false to God! Many there are who will honor the Stars and Stripes with their life-blood but who will make a mockery of Jesus Christ! Many there are who will be faithful to the flag but who will be traitors to the cross and I would alike be a coward and a traitor to Christ did I fail to stamp this truth upon your soldier hearts.

For every tie that binds you to your country, there are a thousand ties that bind you to Christ. For every obligation you have to be faithful to the flag you have a thousand demanding your fidelity to the cross. For every temporal tie that binds you to the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of these United States you have a thousand eternal ties binding you to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, the Lord of Hosts and God of Battles. I have said that many will be true to the flag and false to the cross. I'll correct that statement and I'll say that those who are false to the cross are false alike to the flag; that those who are false to God will be false alike to country. You are going out into what has been weakly described as an orgy of blood. You are going out, also, into an orgy of lust. Many of you are innocent and unsophisticated boys, delicately reared and sacredly preserved. In the midst of blood you will not falter but in the midst of lust we pray you may not fall! If you fall in one you are false in the other. Major General Leonard Wood, commander of the southeastern department, in a statement last Wednesday speaks with authority: "Moral and physical contamination is one of the greatest menaces to military efficiency." And the soldier or the sailor that goes out and wallows in impurity, the soldier or the sailor that goes out and contaminates his moral and physical being by sinning with fallen women, that man is not only false to God who has said "Thou shalt not" but he is false to his country who says to him: "Give me the best that thou hast." Two hundred thousand soldiers of one nation, I shall not name it, two hundred thousand soldiers of one nation invalided and made not only useless but a burden to their country in its sorest need with impure disease! Were these men patriots or were they lustiots? Not in France, not in England, not in Germany, not in Turkey, but in these United States, in this commonwealth of Massachusetts, whole lines of men waiting, not to confess to the priest in confession, but waiting to report to the camp doctor that they had been outside and sinned with women, that they might receive preventive treatment! They owed their Maker personal purity and they owed their country military efficiency and they sold both for a bawd and strumpet! I know I shall be criticized for speaking of these matters here but unless someone speaks the very stones of the streets will cry out! And the sad part of it is that when

the national government, in a spirit only of self-defense endeavors to stamp out this evil, it gets little or no co-operation from the local authorities. Says Major General Wood: "When the local authorities are unable or unwilling to take the necessary measures to eradicate this evil they should at least restrict it to the smallest possible area." God guard you, soldier boys, from dangers infinitely worse than physical death. Your mothers and your sisters and your wives gladly give you up to die if need be for our country's honor but how shall their sacrifices be shamed if they learn that moral death has overtaken you?

Two Ideals—Divine and Human.

One word more and I have done. As you leave this holy place, ne'er, perchance to e'er return, two visions, two memories, I would stamp indelibly on your soldier-souls. The first is Christ upon the cross, his arms outstretched toward you in infinite love, bruised, bleeding, crucified, triumphing over sin and death to make you free. He is your God. Be you faithful to him unto death. The other is that most heroic figure of all these terrible times, Cardinal Mercier—wan of countenance and worn of body, yet with spirit unbroken and undimmed, he stands amidst the ruins of his devastated and desolated country, his sons murdered, his daughters violated, his children carried into captivity, his homes laid waste, every lash that falls upon his conquered people cutting thrice deep into his very soul. Yet undaunted, unterrified, unconquered, he faces his oppressors and says to them: "Draw your plans, set up your batteries, arrange your movements, propose as you will but God will ultimately dispose. My conviction, both natural and supernatural, of our ultimate victory is more firmly rooted in my soul than ever. We plighted our word that we should be neutral and to maintain our word of honor we have sacrificed our goods, our homes, our sons, our husbands, and after three years of coercion we are still as proud of our fidelity as when we first declared: 'Thou shalt not pass.'"

And this heroic figure, the very personification of patriotism and love of country, I hold out to you as your model and your ideal. No enemy boast, no enemy bribe, no enemy threat, no enemy pressure, no suffering, no want, no pain, no loss, no fear has shaken him from his high resolve to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. Far away across the wide Atlantic he stretches out his arms to you for help against the common enemy. In the name of Jesus Christ go forth to do and die. God give you loyalty, God give you fortitude, God give you unflinching and unfailing courage to fight our country's cause. And God give you grace, God give you virtue, God give you self-sacrifice and self-restraint to fight gloriously alike for Him. The prayers of your loved ones follow you; the blessing of your church accompanies you; the gratitude, sympathy, support and sacrifice of a united people sustain you. Let the motto of those who go and those who stay forever be: "Let us all hold together in God."

It Shall Not Be

The Answer of American Citizenship to Germany's Claim to Dominate

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Delivered at the North Park, Fall River, Mass.
September 8, 1917, to the

Assembled Selected Soldiers of the First Draft

Soldiers-to-be of the Army of these United States, fighting for human freedom:

When in our childhood days we read of the Minute Men of Lexington, our hearts responded to the patriot's call for liberty and our young minds, though undeveloped, realized that momentous things were stirring and that the shots then fired were echoing around the world.

When again, in our school-day studies, we read of the firing on the flag at Fort Sumter, our hearts went all aflame at the affront to the Stars and Stripes and we learned to love the heroic Lincoln, determined at any cost to keep one flag flying over a united people.

When in February, 1898, the Maine was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, our hearts went out in sympathy to the slaughtered sailors and we knew that only a free Cuba could give fitting echoing answer to the nation's slogan: "Remember the Maine."

When in August, 1914, Germany burst across the friendly neutral Belgian border and our eastern skies were soon illumined with the crimson glow of a continent on fire with war, all thoughtful minds went aghast at the breaking out of a conflagration that would inevitably lay a large part of Europe in ashes and might envelop in its devastation both hemispheres, east and west.

But when we read of the War for Independence, we recognized that the liberties of the thirteen colonies alone were at stake.

When we read of the firing on Fort Sumter we realized that it was the integrity of the United States alone that hung in the balance.

When we read of the sinking of the Maine we realized that it was only the future of the Spanish possessions, at most, that was to be decided.

And when we read of the breaking out of the long-threatened war we hoped that the struggle for supremacy might involve only the Eastern Hemisphere.

When Light Burst Upon Us.

But when from the German headquarters there went forth an edict which to all intents and purposes decreed that no flag should fly the seas without its imperial permission—then light burst upon the dullest of us. Then we realized that no thirteen pioneer colonies, no single nation, howsoever great and powerful, no island in the Carribean, no interest of Allies or Entente was here involved. For there, in the plain light of day, across our peaceful path, strutted a mighty power that would dominate the earth.

Then, as in a great motion-picture, we saw the hosts of German philosophers and economists and financiers, striving as one for a fixed though hidden purpose. Discerning students had warned us of their designs, but we laughed their learned fears to scorn. But now like a great army of spirit-fighters, they rise up to confront us and backed by a militarism such as the world has never known they seek to regulate, according to autocratic will, the liberties and privileges and rights of every freeman.

A Free People's Answer.

And to this challenge for world rule and domination, these United States, this free people has answered: "It shall not be."

And there's the reason for your being here! There's the reason for your call to arms! There's the reason for your laying aside the lay-

man's garb and the putting on of soldier's uniform! There's the reason for your offering to your country your most prized and precious gift—life itself and human existence here on earth! No simple violation of Belgian soil, no single sinking of the Lusitania, no solitary torpedoing of an American freighter, no strain or stress of France or Russia or England has called you from fireside and store and office and farm and factory! But the spirit behind all these outrages and injuries against ourselves and others, the spirit of military rule and autocratic power and lust for world domination has challenged the very soul and spirit of freedom, has lunged with its blood-dripping sword at the very heart of liberty, thus causing every freeman to arm himself in self-defence.

And since this war must necessarily have come—and I now believe with ex-President Roosevelt, America's most illustrious living son, that there was no ultimate escape from it—since it must necessarily have come, how we thank God for the brave way in which America's sons have met it!

A Great Army of Laymen.

Look out over the broad expanse of these United States today. See the great army of laymen leaving farm and shop and store and peaceful pursuit, without any disturbance, without any remonstrance, but rather with willingness and eagerness, in God-given obedience, putting themselves like little children into the hands of their chosen fellow-citizen officers, that they may be trained to do their part in shielding liberty and making the world safe for freedom. Is it not, in very truth, a spectacle for angels and for men?

No Sale of God for Peace.

And since this war must necessarily have come, it may be providential that it was not too long delayed. For there is such a thing as loving peace too much. In things of the soul religious, not only individuals but entire peoples have become too peace-loving to fight for their religious rights. And the same calamity has at times overtaken people as well as individuals in things of the soul political. And I say it with due discretion, it seems to me that in this peace-loving and prosperous nation there was the danger of begetting a people who would suffer anything rather than loss of peace; that there was the danger of begetting a race of people who would not offer their lives to their country for any cause or reason; that there was the danger of begetting a people who would gladly, yes, I say it, would gladly barter righteousness and sell out soul for peace.

And that would have been an infinitely greater disaster than any conceivable war. For as selling out God for peace inevitably spells disaster to the religious life and soul of a people, just as inevitably would selling out righteousness for peace spell disaster overwhelming to the political and civic life and soul of the nation. And if, by this war, our beloved country has escaped such disaster then praise and thanksgiving unending to the Lord God of Battles.

The Fire Test Applied.

And there is another matter which properly finds its place in any address at such an assembly as this. Since this war must necessarily

have come, it were better that it come sooner than later in order that we might settle once and forever whether we can be a united people, whether our national unity will stand the fire test of war.

For wellnigh a century and a half this country has welcomed the stranger to its hospitable shore. Here have found refuge the oppressed of every nation. All tribes and kinds and tongues and colors for one reason or another have taken up their abode within the confines of these United States and have here enjoyed, if they would, every right and privilege of a free people dwelling in a land of rare opportunities and undeveloped natural resources. America has been called the melting pot of nations. Now is the content of the kettle tested. Now shall we know whether we are a united nation or a conglomeration of unassimilated and unamalgamated and easily separated units. Now shall we know whether it be ever possible for us to make war with unanimity. Now shall we know upon whom we may depend in any future struggle. Now shall we know those who allow their love or hatred of any other country to make secondary their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Now, in a word, shall be forever settled whether the people of these United States, born where you will or under what flag you may, can be Americans first, last, always and forever.

A Glorious Vision Presented.

And you, Columbia's brave and loyal children, gathered here on the eve of your departure for the training camp, are the surety of the nation's unity and the shield of our nation's safety.

Who present here had ever dreamed that they would live to see such testimony of the everlasting stability and surety of self-government? Without protest or disturbance or discontent you and hundreds of thousands of others like you have given heed to your country's need. Rather than submit to national wrong you have not refused to your country the possible supreme sacrifice of life itself. Whatsoever be your blood or your tongue or faith you have blended all into a glorious phalanx inspired with the purpose to prove to the world that we are one nation, indivisible, undying and undefeatable. Oh, that we have lived to see this day! Thank God for the glorious vision here presented.

Go forth, then, ye citizen-soldier-sons, and may the God of battles guard you. May He ever make you realize that the honor, the safety, the integrity, yea, the very existence of free institutions hangs upon your deeds.

In your absence we shall not forget you. We shall give to you labor for labor, sacrifice for sacrifice and love for love. If disaster come upon you we shall not desert you. If your ranks shall be depleted we shall fill them up, though it take every able-bodied man of whatsoever age and of whatsoever calling. We shall ever steadfastly support you and we swear to you that we shall accept no peace that shall make vain your sacrifices. God save our nation! God guide our President! God guard our defenders, military and naval! God especially fortify our citizen-soldiers! God strengthen and steady those who must needs remain at home! God bless our allies, all and every one without exception! God keep us all united until by the sword, if necessary, there shall be won for all the world a righteous peace!

No Sacrifice Too Great!

Delivered in the State Armory, Fall River, Mass.
October 15th, 1917

In Advocacy of the Second Liberty Loan

Mr. Chairman:

The world crisis through which our country is now passing puts upon every loyal citizen a multitude of serious duties and solemn obligations.

Some have not waited to be called upon, but have gone forth voluntarily to serve the country in its hour of need. Some the nation has called to relinquish their wonted occupations, to leave home and fireside, to say good-bye awhile to parent, wife, to relative, to friend, to take up the training and teaching of military life, and to fit themselves to be defenders of the nation's rights and enforcers of the nation's will in the world's struggle for right and justful peace.

Others there are who are more valuable, if they will, at home. Still others, some who are too young, some too old, others not strong and well enough to stand the gruelling test of military life on land and sea. But none there are, or should not be, unable to play some telling part in this historic struggle. And so it is that we, compelled by nature or other force of circumstances, to reluctantly remain at home, are here assembled to urge each other to do whatsoever comes our way or lies within our power to make triumphant and victorious the cause to which our country calls us.

Previous Gatherings Secondary.

We, the citizens of Fall River, have previously gathered together for the fit performance of other duties and for the fulfilling of other obligations incidental or essential to the war. We have gathered to bid cheering farewell to our State militia, bravely and gladly going forth to do their "bit." We have gathered to say good-bye, as a community, and to pay deserving honor to the new army of citizen soldiers called by our country from peace to war, not for conquest or for military glory, but to make peace permanent. But all these gatherings shall have been in vain and worse than meaningless if we now fail or falter in the purpose of this assembly.

Two Great National Forces.

Let us distinctly understand the situation.

The words of God applying to His cause may be absolutely and unequivocally applied to our country's cause. "He," sayeth the Lord, "who is not with Me is against Me." And he who is not with our country in this hour of trial is against it. There is no longer any neutrality, any middle ground. The nation's loyal children are today composed of two great divisions and of two only—those who fight afar in the fields and those who work and pray and pay at home. By these signs shall you know the patriot. About the first, the fighting division, no doubt, no uncertainty is entertained. Clad in their nation's uniform and carrying their nation's colors on land and sea they will shortly show the world how free men fight. About the second, the working, praying, paying division, it is now being weighed in the balance. By the honor of the flag that floats above us, it shall not be found wanting.

A Solemn Pledge.

As one of the spokesmen of this community, I pledged our absent boys fidelity. "In your absence," I told them, "we shall not forget

you. We shall give you labor for labor, sacrifice for sacrifice and love for love. If disaster come upon you we shall not desert you. If your ranks shall be depleted we shall fill them up. We shall ever steadfastly support you." This was a solemn promise, sealed with a community's honor and, by Heaven, it shall be kept at any cost.

Too Miserly to Fight!

It would be bad enough to have the world believe we were too proud to fight. It would be worse to have the world believe we were too cowardly to fight. But, great God in heaven, it would be infinitely worse to have the world believe we were too miserly to fight.

And that's the question that confronts us now. Shall the world believe we are too miserly to fight? Shall the shameful spectacle be given of a nation sending its sons to war for righteousness, and then refusing to support them, of sending out men to die and then leaving them in the lurch through stinginess?

Oh, when shall my countrymen ever realize that we are at war and that while our friends afield and at sea must pay the price and write the story in deeds and blood and death, we, their friends at home, must pay the price and write the story in love, in sacrifice, in want, in death, if necessary. We boast that we love our country, that we love our flag, that we love our brave defenders. Then let us not forget that love is measured by sacrifice. Then not alone out of our riches, not alone out of our wealth, not alone out of our superabundance, but out of our very poverty, out of our very want, out of our very nothingness let us show the world how we can give love for those who sacrifice life for us.

Are We Greater Than the Germans?

We boast that we are the richest nation in the world. Then let us show that riches lie not only in gold but in the hearts of the people, in love, in devotion, in faithfulness, in fidelity, in generous sacrifice. We boast that we are greater than the Germans. Then we have yet to prove it so. Shall we balk at a second loan when the Germans have raised seven? Shall we balk at giving our coin when the Germans have stripped the ornaments from their houses, have dragged the ear-rings from their ears, have pulled the rings from their fingers, have divested themselves of all jewelry, have melted up the very utensils of their firesides for their fatherland? Shall we groan and grunt at wheatless, meatless days, when the Germans have eaten uncomplainingly of the weeds that grow by the wayside that food might be furnished to their fighting forces? We shall never beat them if the home division of our forces falters ere we have begun.

No Abandonment of Our Boys.

Every family, every individual in this country, in this city, is sheltered and shielded by the fighting forces for support and sustenance and strength of which this Liberty Loan is being raised. Then whenever possible and at whatever sacrifice, every individual and every family should buy a Liberty Bond. Our boys must not be beaten, nor must they be abandoned.

Our brave young lads are on the sea and in the camp. The winter's icy breath blows strong upon them, and stout and healthy though they are, they are chilled and cold and frost-bitten. Shall we refuse to

send them clothing, to stretch a coverlet above them as they sleep the soldier's sleep?

The hardships of military camp and training-ship have weakened and debilitated them. Perchance sanitary neglect and medical inefficiency for which we are responsible, have laid them low with sickness and with disease. How well I know the lessons of Montauk Point of '98! All through the dreary day, all through the long, long night they lie and toss and moan. Their friends at home have cheered them off with waving flag and beat of drum and shout of loud hurrahs. But now, when stricken down, away from friend and home and mother, there is no one to attend them, no one to serve them, no one to give them a drink of water, for their country's sake—because we at home refuse to pay the price! Shall the story thus be written? They lie within the trenches with a powerful enemy attacking them. Shot and shell and shrapnel scream and hiss and roar and burst about them. And deadly gas and poison fume enshroud them. And yet they have no fear, but fight like free men should, when, through the dust and poison gas and blood-tinged smoke, there comes the dread command: 'Give way, retreat, let him save himself who can. The ammunition's given out. The transport's service broken down, our miserly friends at home have failed us! Shall history write it thus?

Or the battle rages furiously around them. A screaming shell or bursting shrapnel lops a limb and tears its way through bone and flesh and muscle. The gallant soldier's fallen. His wounds are open, his strength is sapping, his life-blood dyes the earth about him. If help's to come then it must come at once or he shall die. But hospital is far away; the ambulance corps is reduced and ill-equipped; the shelter-stations are few and far between; there are no orderlies to lift him up; God save him, there are no bandages to bind him and there he dies, not slain by the enemy's shot, but murdered by the miserable stinginess of his countrymen at home in ease and comfort! Shall future generations read it thus? God of our Fatherland forbid it!

No Sacrifice Too Great.

Then let us to it, every one with heart and hand and open purse. Around you are arranged the booths for the receiving of subscriptions. Step up and do your bit. Let those who have thousands give thousands, those who have hundreds give hundreds, those who have dollars give dollars. St. Patrick's parish has a debt of well-nigh $100,000. Yesterday I collected a thousand dollars in part payment of the debt. Let the debt stand. My country needs the money, I gladly loan it.

This war is on. We're going to win. To win we want men and money. The men are willing, but the money's wanting. We have the men; we'll get the money. We are not going to offer our sons and hoard our dollars. We want leaden and silver and golden bullets. We'll get them. Just as long as the Stars and Stripes floats over a single soldier or sailor fighting our battles and bleeding for our cause, we'll clothe him though we go naked to do it, we'll feed him, though we go hungry to do it, we'll give him metal for guns and ammunition though we send our church bells to the foundry to do it and we'll find the means for him to fight though to do it we melt the golden chalices of our altars. God save our Fatherland!

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